

# The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

VOL. 3.

BETHEL, ME., MARCH 1, 1861.

No. 11.

P1.

## The Bethel Courier.

Published every Friday morning—Office in  
CHURCHMAN'S BLOCK, Bethel, Me.  
J. ALLEN, EDITOR. Proprietor  
N. T. THUR.

TERMS:—One copy one year, in advance, \$2.00  
One copy six months, " " 1.25  
One copy three months, " " .75  
If payment is delayed after the expiration  
of the month \$1.00 will be charged; when delayed  
all the time of the year, \$1.00.

All business letters should be directed to the  
"BETHEL COURIER."

TELEGRAPHIC ADVERTISING.  
1 Square of 10 lines of 10 words, 2 weeks, \$1.00  
" " " " " " " " 1 month, .75  
" " " " " " " " 2 months, 1.00  
" " " " " " " " 3 months, 1.25  
" " " " " " " " 4 months, 1.50  
" " " " " " " " 5 months, 1.75  
" " " " " " " " 6 months, 2.00  
" " " " " " " " 7 months, 2.25  
" " " " " " " " 8 months, 2.50  
" " " " " " " " 9 months, 2.75  
" " " " " " " " 10 months, 3.00  
" " " " " " " " 11 months, 3.25  
" " " " " " " " 12 months, 3.50

AGENTS:  
S. R. NILES, Newspaper Agent, Boston.  
S. M. DICKINSON, Agent, New York.  
S. M. DICKINSON, Agent, New York.  
S. M. DICKINSON, Agent, New York.

JOB PRINTING:  
All kinds, executed in the most perfect and  
despatch manner.

## Business Cards.

D. W. SCRIBNER,  
Counsellor & Attorney at Law,  
Commissioner for Maine and Notary Public.  
Office in Stollings' Block, over Main and R.R. Co.

BETHEL HOUSE  
BETHEL HILL, ME.  
THE SUBSCRIBER would inform  
the public that he has recently  
purchased this well-known house, and is  
prepared to accommodate the public, with  
all the good food and lodgings at  
reasonable rates.

The above house has within the last three  
months been thoroughly remodeled and re-  
fitted, and furnished with all the latest  
and most desirable furniture, and is  
now open for the reception of guests.  
A. L. BURBANK, Proprietor.

DR. CHAS. C. BARKER,  
Surgeon and Physician.  
DENTIST,  
Main St., BETHEL, ME.  
All operations performed with skill and care.

R. A. FRYE,  
Counsellor & Attorney at Law,  
BETHEL HILL, ME.

O. N. W. ROBINSON, JR.,  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
BETHEL HILL, ME.

MY. ZIRKON HOUSE,  
At the Milton Mineral Springs,  
D. W. ARBOTT, Proprietor.

A. DAVIS & CO.,  
Dry Goods, Groceries, Cakes,  
Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps,  
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,  
Crosby, Glass Ware, Cutlery,  
PAINTS, OILS, &c.  
BETHEL HILL, ME.

AMERICAN HOUSE,  
D. C. MARTIN, Proprietor,  
BETHEL CORNER, ME.

A. L. BURBANK,  
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,  
BETHEL, ME.

J. G. RICH,  
HUNTER, TRAPPER,  
And Guide,  
Letter B, Oxford Co., Me.

E. B. GODDARD,  
CABINET MAKER,  
BETHEL HILL, ME.  
27 COFFINS manufactured to order.

P. H. McCLOSKEY,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
SWIFT'S BLOCK,  
BETHEL HILL, ME.

D. HAMMONS,  
Counsellor at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.  
Office in Churchman's Block.

H. F. BLANCHARD,  
Counsellor & Attorney at Law,  
RUMFORD POINT,  
Oxford County, Me.

## WILD ANIMALS OF MAINE.

BY J. G. RICH.  
NO. 10.  
THE CANADA LYNX.

"Felix Canadensis."  
(Continued.)

I have a specimen of the Lynx before me in a preserved state of Taxidermy, but I think the eye a little too yellow, as the natural color always appeared to me in the living animal to be a bright silver; and after cycling the creature for a short time, and giving it time to grow used, it increased in size and brightened to something like livid fire; and would seem to challenge the nerves of a strong minded hunter to look them out of countenance.

It is my impression that this animal seldom, if ever, attacks a man, when enjoying the freedom of nature, but if cornered up, and unable to escape, no doubt would defend itself to the last.

Mr. Z. F. Durkee, of Magalloway, killed one of these animals in the Hills-andon farm house, some years ago, in this wise: "The cat was in the wood-shed and Mr. Durkee went into the house through the shed and the cat ran in ahead of him in hopes of escaping, but he cornered it in the dining room and the creature jumped up against the window and before it could recover, he struck it down with a club he had in his hand.

Mr. A. P. Gould, of Boston, has had several hard to hand fights with this animal, and in every instance, I think, has succeeded in conquering the beast; although, at one time, he nearly succumbed to an old male, which had the advantage of position, and had it not been for his knowledge of the manner of the animal's attack, and his own superior skill with the knife, he would certainly have been overpowered. I am not at liberty to give the full details now of this encounter.

Mr. Robert Torrey, of Cambridgeport, Mass., came near being attacked by one of these animals in the summer of 1856, in an old barn between the Mollishehunk and Moose-lanagunt lakes, where he and a few friends composing his party were camping for the night. The cat appeared to have been concealed somewhere on the beams of the building, and was not noticed by our party until we had got quietly stowed away for the night among the old refuse hay on the upper floor. The animal then descended to where we lay, not with a bound and a growl, but softly, as if to make sure that we were fit for immediate use without any cooking. He commenced his operations creeping along the floor near our feet and making a rustling noise. In the old hay, that poor Torrey in high indignation, and he immediately drew his knife and prepared for a close combat; but owing to the darkness, and the proximity of our bodies, he did not commence offensive operations, and the cat escaped.

The hunter who taught me to hunt when I first came to this country (Wm. H. Leverett, who has since removed to Marguerite County, Wisconsin,) frequently accompanied me to my traps, and I remember at one time, when we were following along on our line of traps many miles from human habitation, we heard one of these animals screech, and knew by the peculiar sound what it was, and this being the second one I had caught, I was highly excited and elated. Leverett, on the contrary, was perfectly cool and collected, and told me while we were hurrying along to where the trap was set, that he would show me how to kill a Lynx, (as we called them). When we came up, behold we had a large specimen of the Lynx in a trap! Leverett immediately broke him a stick of dry alder and said: "It takes but a small stick to kill one of these creatures." But, said I, "do take a sound stick, for the one you have there is rotten." Said he, "it is sound enough." So he walked directly up to the cat and struck him over the head, and his stick broke in two, and the cat leaped toward him and he jumped backward and at the same time caught his foot in some bushes and fell flat on his back, when the cat leaped upon him, trap and all, and but for my assistance with the axe, he would at least have been badly scratched.

ed, not entirely done up.

I think it very foolish for hunters, and others to dally with these and other wild animals, because they have them in traps and security. I have known many instances of hunters losing their game in this way, and even getting into bad scrapes. I have lost hear and mouse and some other game by not immediately killing them at the first opportunity.

I will leave this animal by relating my first adventure with one, the first one I ever saw. I had been hunting but a few days when I came one evening just at sunset, to where I had set a trap, a few days before—this was in township No. 4, Range 2d. My trap was gone and I followed on the trail by the marks in the moss the trap had made. I followed on at a rapid pace for it was nearly night and I could not just see the signs in the thick woods. I had gone perhaps one fourth of a mile when, coming quickly out of a thick place into an open spot and leaning forward on a dog trail, I was completely knocked over by the cat, trap and all, coming against me with a rush, and a spite, and a growl, as quick as thought. I did shoot the beast, and over after followed on their signs more cautious, but this fright it gave me was never forgotten.

For the Courier.

## Coffee for Supper.

"Now Mother," said I last night, when she put up her work and went to fill the teakettle, "do have something good for supper, for since I sprained my ankle, I've kept so still that I've lost my appetite, and I'm tired enough of dry toast and tea." Mother looked up to see what time it was, and said, "there, Ellen, if you don't mind waiting a while, I guess I can get you something that you will like." So I sat there in my chair and tried to guess what it would be. No, it wouldn't be muffins, for mother always mixes them up over night. Pancakes? No, I should smell them every time the door was opened. And it couldn't be oysters, for we can never get them except when Aunt Sarah sends us a keg full from Portland. Perhaps it would be— "I don't know what," my ankle ached, and I was tired of thinking, so I turned around and counted the pink roses on the wall-paper, between my cone framed crayon picture, and the closet door, and then watched the kitty chase some dead leaves over the snow. I did wish that I had some one to talk to, or could make a visit somewhere. But it is no use wishing; we have no neighbors, for we live— "no, I can't tell you where I live, only this I will say:—Mother and I have a little home all alone by ourselves and this house isn't on the top of a mountain, nor in the middle of the river, but somewhere in this dear, snug, little valley. Yes, in this valley, with its strong guard of hills,—great, brazen fellows, clapping their arms around it to keep it safe. They are the only brothers that I have, and I love them dearly. I was thinking of them, and looked out to see those good brothers of mine. My eye fell on one of the most venerable of them all, Old Gray. That is only one of the many names that I have for him. His head is so bald and spotted that sometimes I call him Old Speckle and Bare; or Bear-clither, for he is a gruff, rough fellow. Well, as I was saying, I looked him right in the face, and I saw something that really startled me, and made me spring so, that mother who came in just then, said, "Why, Ellen, you're getting nervous." "Oh, no," said I, "I'm only hungry." But when mother went out to the kitchen again, I looked out at Old Speckle, and will you believe it? though it was all covered with snow, it did seem as if a face was looking right at me. The sun was shining on it, and it seemed as if eyes were winking at me from every spot of the mountain. I shook my head, and rubbed my eyes, but there was the face again, just the same as before. Then I sat bolt-upright in my chair, and said to myself "Now Ellen Walliston, it is about time for you to get through playing tricks with yourself in this way. You're always seeing things dancing among the clouds, and fairy palaces on the window panes, and you may still, and no harm if you do; but be careful how you trifle with these staid old hills."

So I looked out again, thinking that by this time my head must be cleared; but no, there was the face, the eyes winking harder than ever, looking for all the world just as if it wanted to say something. The wind was blowing a little, and I thought I heard a voice whispering "to-night," "to-night," "Mother," said I, "what do you mean by saying 'to-night,' 'to-night,' in such a funny tone?" She didn't hear me, but I instinctively or two she came to the door and said "Ellen, I'll help you out to supper now." I took her arm, and hobbled out into the kitchen, and when I was seated, I asked her the same question again. She looked just a little frightened, came and felt of my head and said, "I haven't been saying 'to-night,' 'to-night,' I believe you're sick—I had better have steeped your some warmer than made you some coffee, I guess."

And sure enough, here was the coffee-supper that I could ask for, only I had been thinking of the mountains and hadn't noticed it before. Mother had made a shortcake, and it was baked brown and crisp. Then there was some currant jelly that I made myself last summer, and some deliciously fragrant coffee. The supper was so good, for I'm very fond of shortcake and coffee that I almost forgot my strange vision. We sat at the table a good while, and then mother says, "I shall get you something to take to-morrow, Ellen, I don't like your being so nervous." "Oh don't bother me, I'm well enough," said I. But mother wouldn't give up, so we compromised. I said I would go to bed by seven o'clock, and sleep all night, if she wouldn't give me any hot tea to drink to-morrow.

As the clock struck seven, mother bathed my ankle, and got me to bed. But the coffee went to my head, strangely, and kept my eyes so wide open, that I might just as well have been up. Mother came to bed early, so as not to disturb me, but still lay there, wide-awake, building air-castles as quickly as ever Aladdin did with his lamp. I thought of that young man whom I saw at Aunt Sarah's last fall, and who sent me some books to read when he heard that I was sick, and I thought of the clouds up in the sky, and wondered if they ever found what they were searching for,—wondered if they were never tired running to and fro across the sky, dodging behind the hills, expiring up and down. No, they never have found it yet, any more than I've found what I'm longing for.

By and by I thought I heard Old Gray say to his neighbor on the south-east, who is a womanish that we call him "Bessie," "You double-faced fellow, what do you mean by being such a hypocrite? If anybody up in Newry wants to climb up your back and look off from your head, you're all smiles, and offer a smooth easy road to him. But should a person in Bethel try to come near you by the side that you always show him, you give him a rough reception. You have old poplars trees to trip him with, and steep precipices to tumble him down. And if he perseveres, yet when he gets as far as your shoulders, you push out that great rocky ledge, and try hard to keep him back. Why can't you behave better?" "Behave better?" answered Bessie, "I got along well enough with my friends. Why shouldn't I show my best foot to such pleasant acquaintances as Will Mount, across the road, and that young dandy up at Bear River, with a 'White Cap' on? Then there is my oldizing friend further up, who has been offering me a ride on his Saddle-back any time those thousand years or more, though I've told him time and again that I was too old and stiff to be jolted on horse-back."

While Old Gray and Bessie were talking in this way, I heard another voice saying to Sparrow-hawk, "Sparrow, my boy, isn't it warm since we got our new snow blankets? Last fall, after the cold weather came on, I got so pinched with cold that I deserved my name of Blue Ridge. But these white coats, all padded down close and warm make me as comfortable as need be; how does your little round head feel?" "I'm snug and well," sounded out a wee, muffled voice. "I don't dare to show myself this winter, the winds are so rough, and treat me so badly. I think they must have

some spite against me." "No, no, you little ball, crawl over towards me, and I'll take care of you."

A husky voice broke in here. It came from Mr. Abraham, who was saying, in a boasting way, "Landline and I are used far from each other."

Old Puzzle had his say next. "People got tired of trying to find my out, and so they named my next neighbor Farewell. In glancing around our names came in good order in this way: 'Old Puzzle, Farewell.'"

I looked next toward the West Washington, Jefferson and the rest were calmly talking together, hardly noticing the conversation going on in our little valley. I heard one of them say, "Our youngest child Bethel Hill, they call him, grows finely. They tell me he has cut his eye teeth," and then they all laughed together.

Just then I heard the clock strike four. I turned over and said to mother, "These mountains keep me awake with their talking." Mother started up in bed and exclaimed, "Why, child, what does all you?" I answered in rather a languid way, "These mountains,—Old Gray,—Mr. Abraham." This was too much for mother, and she spoke out, "I'm going to get right up and find you some medicine. Here you've been tossing all night, till about ten minutes ago, when I thought you were going to have some quiet sleep, and then you wake up and tell me that you've been hearing the mountains. Now you look around yourself. There is the curtain down, and the foot-board takes off half the view when it is up." Well, sure enough, I had been asleep and dreamed all this; and when I looked at Old Gray this morning, there wasn't anything like a face to be seen, and as for the voice, 'twas nothing but a blimp, swinging in the wind, or something of the kind. The coffee went to my head I suppose, and gave me the strange vision.

I got glad that it was a dream. I don't like to degrade these calm, grand, old hills, which have stood for ages, clothed in sunlight all summer, and peacefully bearing their burden of snow in the winter. No trivial complaints and foolish words do they utter; as the wind sweeps down their sides it brings peals of organ music and again wind strains round through the slender pine needles. This is my mountain music.

I shall take mother's valiant to-day, drink no more coffee tonight, and hereafter make my suppers of dry toast and tea.

ELLEN WALLISTON.  
Bethel, Feb. 19th, 1861.

## DOESTICKS ON SKATES.

But now about my skating. Well, I suppose I must come to it at last—though, to say the truth, I didn't win such a tremendous triumph as I had hoped—my success was not so transcendently brilliant as I could have wished: I didn't shine with quite the wonderful glory that I had hoped would so completely eclipse all the others—in fact, I didn't triumph at all; I didn't succeed; I didn't shine; I didn't eclipse everybody; or, for the matter of that, I didn't eclipse anybody.

Those beastly boots? If each one had been a leather devil, with a special spite against me, they couldn't have tormented me more effectively. Then my skates; I had to strap them on tightly over my already blistered toes. Imagine a man with his toes in a vice, giving an extra turn to the handle himself: I felt as if someone was trying to draw off my toenails with a red-hot corkscrew; got on my skates at last. Laura came up; she waltzed way down the pond with Jobey!—contumacious Jobey!—I'd show Jobey! he skate, indeed! Laura asked me to hurry up and go down the lake with her; buried on my skates; smiled such a smile as a man smiles when he drinks a cup of scalding tea; and the eyes of his lady-love are on him; gazed half a minute contemptuously at Jobey before I got up; then I got up with dignity. Something was the matter with the skates; my legs instantly spread apart like a pair of compasses; thought I was split clean through to my chin; knew, however, that no ordinary tumble would split me through to the selvendge of my skull. Got up with a grizzly grin; muttered something about my skates not being strapped tight; tried again to go; got about two yards, when my flew out from under me again.

I came down; I can scarcely say that I sat down, for I hardly knew whether

my head didn't strike before any other part of my anatomy. Result: lat flow (lean across the pond; my gloves flew in different directions, and were seen no more; my skates were shaken up as violently as if I had come from the moon by the short cut, and struck, falling down, on a marble quarry; and on the ice there were two large stars, where certain parts of my frame that first struck the ice had made their impression. These stars were large, and the widely radiating rays showed that I had come down solidly. Grinned a ghastly grin; Jobey offered to help me up; declined to take his hand. Got most up myself; went down again; more stars on the ice and more ghastly grin. Jobey did help me up now, without asking my permission. Tied again; down again; more stars; more grin, ghastlier than ever. Everybody laughed at me. Was so full of mad inside, that I would soon explode, if something wasn't done; I had more than a thousand pounds of mad to the square inch, but still I grinned. About this time I became aware that Central Park ice is cold. There was a lovely rip in my pantaloons; all up my leg. Ice was cold; also snow. Made one more desperate attempt, but only succeeded in making more stars.

The ice—(by this time the muscles of my face had frozen into the ghastly grin)—the ice was cold, as I found by actual application to the bare Doesticks. Another rip developed itself in that part of my pantaloons that is usually covered by my coat tail; to say nothing of the wind which blew chill; the ice was cold. My acquaintance with the ice was intimate and touching; and I ran positively over, that the said ice was cold. Jobey and Laura did wonderful execution on the ice, and the ice was cold; they were much admired, and so was I; they came round occasionally to see how I got along; I had got along, and after making many more stars of various sizes, and throwing my legs in every direction, and perfect satisfaction, that this winter's crop of ice is cold. I had at last mastered my legs so that I could keep them under me, or thereabouts. Put into port for temporary repairs, and by the aid of half a dozen pins, I so far repaired damages that I thought myself presentable. Went to my lady-love, got her hand for a level or waltz. Smiled definitely at Jobey, and we started; she smiled, I smiled; she laughed, I laughed, and all was going merry as a marriage bell, when there was a smash; my legs, with the skates on the ends of them, scattered about, and at last tangled themselves in Miss Laura's skates, and we came down in one promiscuous heap. Nobody was hurt; she laughed, and quickly got up; I laughed, but I couldn't get up; it was no laughing matter for the ice was cold; it was colder now than before, and there seemed to be more of it.

The bare Doesticks made direct acquaintance with the ice, and I can safely swear that the ice was really cold. She asked me to get up; told her I couldn't. I told her no; then she asked why I didn't get up. I said that I enjoyed lying there—that I liked to recline on the ice. She thought that I was deceiving her, and that I was hurt. I couldn't get up, and she wouldn't go away, and the ice was really so cold. At last, seeing she wouldn't go away and let me pin myself together again, I confessed to her that I should be obliged to ask her to go for a doctor; that I had frozen my toes, broken one leg, sprained both ankles, and thrown my hip out of joint, and that I must have help at once. She went away after a doctor; and immediately on her departure I arose, took off my skates out the pins in again to keep the ice out of my waltz, cut at number of holes in those beasts of boots to ease my feet, and departed over the hills before she got back with the doctor. As I left the grounds I saw Jobey talking to her; and as they were both in high glee, I have no doubt he was explaining to her why I liked to lie there on the ice, and was so loth to get up. I haven't seen her since, but I have given up trying to skate, and will now devote my attention to Woman is always heartless; and at this time of the year the ice is so cold.

Feelingly,  
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P.E.

rank the open col-

the New

the desirable

the Delaware

We want

the merit of both

money. The

the Irish

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father

the father















